

LITTLE NIFTY LESSONS IN LOVE AND MARRIAGE

Love Making and Getting Away With It—By Prof. O. U. Bojack, (Doc. Lv. and Mge.)

WISDOM DISPENSER, BOJACK CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

THREE ingredients are essential to Successful Lovemaking—first, a man; second, a woman; third, Love. Or you can change it around and say: first, Love; second, a man; third, a woman. We don't care how you shuffle it just so long as you draw three to fill and pay your tuition. If any one of the three ingredients is lacking, you might as well give up trying to make love and learn to run a wheelbarrow by mail.

You see upon analysis the thing doesn't stand to reason. Hence, as we said, you must have a man and a woman, and you must have Love. Without Love all effort at Lovemaking is Subway Scenery and the first thing you know you get the Four Hundred Fatigue. Then it's poodles, piffle and picture puzzles for your'n.

There is a current belief that Opposites should marry. Nothing could be further from the truth except a Government Crop Forecast. Opposites should never buckle unless all other entries are closed. People of like characteristics should marry.

Of course this doesn't mean that a girl with a wooden leg should marry a goon with an ebony dome just to preserve the unit. A wooden leg isn't a characteristic anyway. It's a misfortune. And no well bred man would make it a standing joke or try to carve his initials in it. A leg is a leg for a that!

What we mean is that a woman of refinement and artistic temperament, for example, who loves music, painting, poetry and Richard Le Gallienne should not think of marrying a man who would drive a nail in the piano to hang his coat on, or pull a string out of her violin to clean his pipe with. Such a man should sleep in the woodshed and eat coal, or sleep in the coalshed and eat wood.

Again, a woman who is fond of going to receptions and parties, and who loves to trip the Light Fantastic Trot and the Grizzly, should never marry a man who sits by the kitchen stove in his stocking feet making something out of old whiskeys. They would never be happy together, even if he ever finished what he was doing.

On the other hand, if it is the man who cares for the Life Frisky and spends most of his time taking huge blond Appetites out to supper just to watch them fly away food, he could never expect to pluck much happiness if united to a large about parcel of Domesticity.

There are several ways of telling a woman's characteristics and her temperament without going up and rudely scrutinizing them. One is to watch her walk. A woman of air, action and energy walks leisurely, whether she is riding in an automobile or from Philadelphia. Every few steps her right foot turns in and her left foot turns out, accompanied by a contraction of the shoulders and a grinding sound of the heel, as of a Swiss Cheese eating toast.

Another way to tell whether a woman is energetic or not, is to watch the way she carries her purse. You don't need to eye it too closely. Always avoid suspicion as well as temptation. If she swings the purse aimlessly by her side, she is of an indolent turn, and her shrill waist generally jumps the track at the back and her hair rooves scraggly in the Ear District. If she is active and bent on the Main Chance, but not necessarily all round shouldered on it, then you will observe a short jerky motion of the purse like a ride on the Erie.

A woman fond of music will carry



To tell whether a woman is energetic or not is to watch the way she carries her purse.

her head slightly to one side; if not, she will carry it slightly to the other side. If she is of a high spirited nature she will carry her head far back—say a mile or so up the road. If low spirited she will carry it under her arm like a hen.

A woman's disposition is indicated by her physiognomy, provided it has not been previously removed by the surgeon's knife. If her eyebrows are knitted she is apt to be irritable and petulant. If they are embroidered

she is artistic and lets somebody else do the housework.

A woman who cannot look you squarely in the face is liable to be tricky. Or, it may be the fault of your face. There are some faces you know that nobody can look squarely at. You've got to begin sort of around the edges until you get used to them.

No man should ask a girl to marry him unless he has some particular girl in mind. There's no sense in shooting wild on this Proposal thing. You might hit some innocent bystander. You should at least see the girl's photograph first and ask her for specifications as to her father's length, breadth and thickness.

If her father is one of those Seven Footers with a jaw like an adding machine, who Sundays on the front porch in his shirt sleeves just laying for some neighbor to ask who untied him, you had better let down the asbestos curtain on the deal and track. This holds good also if he is one of those chummy clipped haired goops that's always butting into the parlor to tell you how many ploughshares he can mould in a day at the foundry.

If, on the other hand, her father is one of those Miniature Nits with a disposition like a Scotch parlor on the Sabbath, and a set of so was whippers to match, you want to also turn off the lights and brodie for the trench. In neither case would marriage in such a family be a clean getaway. You can't afford to marry any girl whose father looks as if he was going to poke his finger in the pudding of Conubial Bliss.

Granted, however, that the girl's father is broke to things cosmopolitan and has a little loose change besides, you want to try to get a fairly potential pull with him. A good way to do this is to ask him if he smokes. If he says yes, but has only a few that he's keeping for himself, then you want to present him with one of those good old Flor de Alfalfa of yours with the pasteboard wrapper.

Pass it to him politely on the palm of your hand as if it were only some harmless little token, and not the deep-dyed villain that it is. Don't stab it at him so that he ducks and sprains his garters.

Granted you find a girl answering all the requirements as to face, figure, family, fortune and other things that she has not weighed up on you, but are uncertain whether you could qualify in the finals with her, you must try every way to open the door of her Affections.

This doesn't mean to sneak up on your hands and knees and try to pick the lock. Sit up straight like any well bred Spaniel and bark out your Tale of Love. Don't wag it at her.

Ask her if you may have the pleasure of blowing out her house some evening. Do it in a nice gentlemanly way. Don't threaten her with your visit. If she says she is sorry but has forgotten the number of her house, don't begin looking around for it. This is merely a sign that you are in the Candy Factory.

If she gives you permission to call, simply thank her for it and pull up your necktie. Don't ask her if you may come to dinner too. That dinner thing will all come later. Never rush the Love Game. It is a waiting proposition. Some men spend half their lives waiting for the right girl to come along. Then they spend the other half wishing they'd hid behind something till she got past.

When the evening arrives for you to call on her, you must make yourself up as attractively as possible. When you near the house hang on to your Nerve with both hands and dig your nails into it. Don't go and lose it and then walk up and down in front of the house a dozen times trying to find it.

March right up and shake hands with the doorman like a little General. Incidentally, it is not good form to wear your hat in a lady's parlor. This also holds good for the Dining Room and all other rooms, except the Salt Rheum and the Blow Room.

One of our Students wrote us one time that our Hat Hints were on the job and he wanted his tuition back. His complaint was that after graduating from our School the first girl he called on asked him if he considered it good form for a young man to dine with a young lady who has her hat on. "With his hat on what?" asked Friend Student ignorantly.

"With his hat on his head, you fool," said the girl and cut him dead.

Friend Student, of course, didn't know what the fellow had his old hat on. It should perhaps be made known that it is on the oatmeal or something like that, and he blamed us for not preparing him for such questions.

When you are courting a girl you don't want to call on her night after night for ten or twenty years and take up the parlor light and heat without inviting her to go some place with you. We knew a canoe one time who called on a girl every night until they both got so old and feeble they couldn't see each other across the sofa, and the only thing he ever took her to in all that time was a rib. Even then he walked her two miles to the hat shop, with street cars passing right along.

Every man should squander at least a dime or so on his girl every now and then, but he should not keep reminding her how much he spends through insinuation and innuendo and other things that makes the place on the line.

Occasionally he should bring her a little bunch of flowers with nice tinfoil wrapped around the handle. Never bring vegetables; nor Hair Tonic. Also don't keep referring to the dinky bunch of flowers every other minute and keep asking her if she doesn't think they smell nice. You shouldn't line yourself up for congratulations every time you spend a nickel. Five cents worth of bum flowers, you know, is just five cents worth of bum flowers and not some vast Country Estate sweeping the green hills or anything like that.

There are several things that the Student should take into consideration when the hour comes hobbling along for him to propose to the girl. Many a good prospect has been lost by an off-side play on this Proposal thing.

You don't want to "pop the question" the way the books say. The question shouldn't be "popped" at all, nor batted up. It should be gracefully slid up to her attention. Any man who would pop it at a defenceless woman is no gentleman. Besides, it might hit her in the eye or break a rib.

Do the thing gracefully. For illustration, let's say you are both sitting in the parlor on the haircloth sofa, pulling horse hairs out of the dam thing, and trying to keep your balance long enough to hold a coherent conversation about nothing in particular.

You have decided to make this here girl your wife so you can let your sep-



The first thing to do is to reach gently for her hand. You will find it somewhere in the vicinity.

Want go and save expenses, and you let her in on this fine silk faced Privilege. Let us further suppose that the girl in this case is about 33 and somewhat bashful, though not hysterically so.

The first thing to do is to reach gently for her hand. You will find it somewhere in the vicinity. Don't get up and look on the piano for it, nor under the table. In a case like this the hand is always close at hand, the foot close at foot, and so on.

When you have located her gripper the next step is to close your own gently around it and say nothing for two or three moments, being careful not to say it so she can hear you. You don't need to take out your Ingersoll and count the moments, nor start a panic if you hold it a moment too long. It isn't going to blow up.

This does not mean, however, to sit there until your hand goes to sleep and not show any sign of life or intelligence whatever. A mummy would drop out of a game that slow.

If her hand seems to keep getting larger and larger the longer you hold it, until it begins to assume the general outlines of a Smuffed ham, it is a sign that you are a bashful, inexperienced knooper and you should go out in the back yard and roll a hoop or play tag with yourself until you grow up.

After holding the hand a reasonable time, as mentioned up page, you should next slip your off arm quickly around her waist, beginning at the side nearest you and working around it gracefully. Of course if she hands you back around her waist, and acts generally as if she had caught you pinching her watch, you should tell her that you thought you had your hand in your pocket and that it was all a mistake.

A little tactful remark like that will sometimes save you thirty days in jail, but it is not often that women will go to this extreme. In these days when married men are trying to become single, and single men are trying to maintain the status quo, any man that makes a noise like a Prospective Husband is liable to get prompt attention, other things balancing.

Having encircled her waist, or at least described a segment, it is in order for you to hop up on the next step of the Proposal. The next step is to tell her that you love her big, and that you want her to become your wife.

You should always compare your love to something to show her how big it is. Don't compare it to an elephant or anything fat. There's no sentiment in that comparison. Besides, if you said, for instance, "I love you as big as an elephant," she might think you were taking another shot at her waistline and begin to cry in your beard. Pull something about the Stars and the Ocean's Depths and all that kind of Marmessa stuff. She'll eat it up like popcorn.

We are fully aware that to propose to a girl isn't such moonlight sailing a course of time to cry in your beard. Pull something about the Stars and the Ocean's Depths and all that kind of Marmessa stuff. She'll eat it up like popcorn.

Many a perfectly good man has choked on the first syllable, gurgled a couple of times, and then slid to the Brussels in a cataplectic fit. Others have got as far as the third word when some unseen hand has reached out and swatted them in the pit of the stomach with a club.

Of course we are talking here about proposing to more or less maidenly single women. It's a cold gray cinch to propose to married women and widows. They do all the work. The minute they discover that you are thinking of laying in a wife, down goes your name on their Nailing List and then comes the regular follow-up every little while.

But to go back. If you can't bring yourself to tell the girl in so many words that you want her to be your'n, you should whistle the thing to her. Or, set it to music and sing it. If you find you have mislaid your voice and also your whistle in the general confusion, make a couple of deaf and dumb signs, or bring a magic lantern along and throw the whole business on a screen.

However, it's all over now, and she's yours. Hooray! And you should not begin to change your mind or try to hide in the coal scuttle. Remember, too,

that if the bidders had not been scarce you wouldn't have stood as much show as a Promising Career on the eve of a mule's ultimatum.

Every man should get married occasionally, though this need not become a daily occurrence. There's no use trying to be fashionable if you cannot afford it. To operate successfully on the Matrimonial Exchange you've got to have a bank roll that laughs at Space.

Some of our Very Rich keep two or three gardeners who do nothing but prepare the Grounds for Divorce, and a couple of nifty little preachers that can send a German sailor howling down the hatch when it comes to tying knots.

No man who loves his wife and has her best interests at heart would ever think of going off and getting married without first consulting her, and no woman who thinks anything of her husband would ever deceive him unless there was no other way to keep the matter secret. Some women become such experts at deception that they don't get caught for quite a while.

The Student should not for a single second look at Marriage as a joke, nor for half a second unless he's just in town for the day and hasn't anything special to look at. Marriage is not a joke. It's a soak. It soaks her that gives, and him that has to receive and support her busted relatives.

Marriage could be made reasonably safe for the Principals if the Second would only stand away a little and give them a show once in a while. But her mother or his brother is always cutting in and then somebody gets fouled.

Occasionally one or the other should give in. If one gives in the other should be reasonable about it. If the other gives in, and so forth and so on. But the trouble is that a man's wife isn't satisfied when he gives in. She wants him to cave in. That's why married men live such hollow lives. The Student should not get discouraged, however. Think of Washington at Valley Forge. And remember that if married life is purgatory, single life is hell.

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May Eliminate Danger of Fog at Sea

Continued from Eighth Page.

position in relation to his ship and likewise measuring its remoteness.

In shifting the mechanical ears at the end of the spreader, which the man on the watch does by merely swinging a lever attached to a graduated arc, the associated pointer gives the direction whence the sound comes, while the index on the arc measures the distance in miles or fractions thereof. The mechanism is so simple that an ordinary seaman can work it and read the index accurately.

Because each megaphone is many, many times greater in its absorptive capacity for sound than quill like ducts of the ear, faint signals can be gathered in and augmented in their effect upon the eardrum, while microphones still further heighten this receptive acuteness. This latter phase of the apparatus vastly increases the normal audible range of the ear and makes detectable sounds that might easily otherwise escape the notice of the mariner shrouded in the gloom of night or enveloped by a veil of fog. Indeed, Mr. Ries says that the surging waters splashing about a derelict would enable him to pick up that menace by his mechanism when at a distance of several miles.

But the criticism may be made that this manner of warning might not suffice. If the navigator is apprehensive of a nearing danger, such, for instance, as an iceberg, he wants to be able to ask a question and to get an answer by sounding the siren and picking up its echo. The echo, of course, denotes a

reflecting surface and presumably it is the warning of the suspected iceberg. But that echo will not come back to the signaling ship unless the main face of the berg deflecting the sound lies squarely in the path of the steaming craft and in line with the observer. If she is of a high spirited nature she will carry her head far back—say a mile or so up the road. If low spirited she will carry it under her arm like a hen.

It's being able to rotate the spreader holding the megaphones the instruments can be swung into such a position without necessitating changing the course of the vessel. This provides the mariner with a means of picking up and locating the direction of the menace no matter upon what side, ahead or astern, it may lie. To this end Mr. Ries installs a siren right in the middle of his signal yard and it must always project its sound waves at right angles to that base of measurement. Now see how it works.

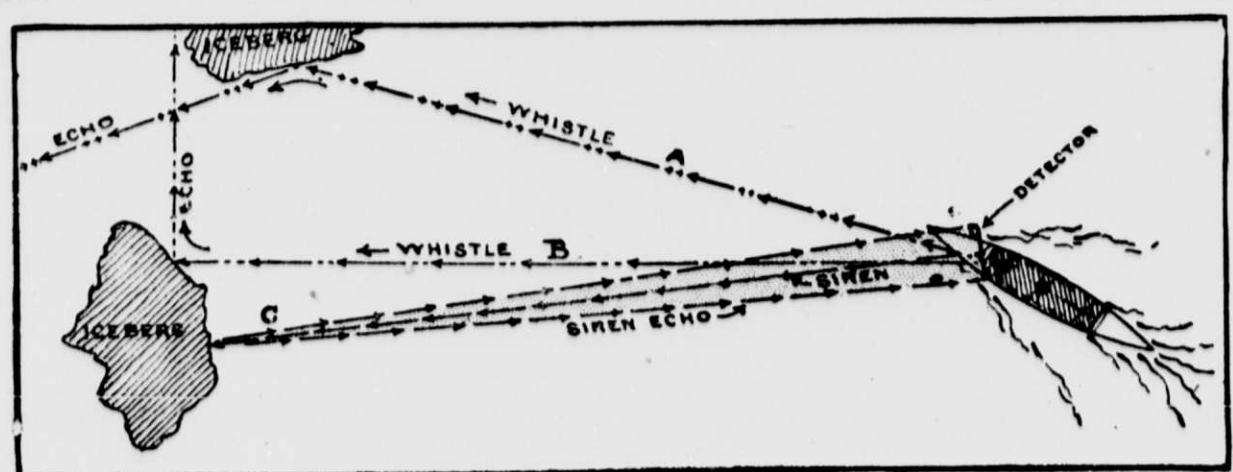
The iceberg lies well off to the left of the advancing ship. The navigational whistle might blow for an hour and never produce an echo because of the angular relation of the craft to the hidden peril. But by swinging the spreader and at the same time the siren there will come a time when the siren's call will bring back an echo to the receivers. The position of the outstretched arms will tell in a general way where the danger lies hidden and the graduated scale will reduce the warning to definite measurements as to distance and location.

Fortunate at night and during the prevalence of fog the surrounding atmosphere is heaviest, and the denser the air the further sounds will reach. Nature has thus helped to make warning, and Mr. Ries takes full advantage of the circumstances. He says the booming of the surf upon the nearing shore or the breaking waters upon a dangerous reef or ledge would be sufficient to warn

a blindfolded navigator by means of his apparatus.

Mr. Ries has planned still another development of his safety equipment. Drop a pebble upon the surface of a pond and it produces ever widening rippling rings. The same thing happens in the air, and the outermost ring in its entirety has as much energy in it as the ring that first started next to the pebble, and any given sector of the circle, near or far from the centre of origin, has the same measure of kinetic force. In the case of sound the human ears can span only a very small part of the increasingly thinning line, therefore the sound becomes fainter and fainter. The sound is there, but more of the air must be covered for the ear to gather it in. Mr. Ries shows how it is possible to turn the whole length of a ship virtually into one great ear, thus intercepting a bigger part of the attenuated ring of the sound wave. On either side he would arrange a string of line of megaphone receivers and the aggregation of this gathered sound could be transmitted to the ear of the listener. By this means an extraordinary degree of receptive acuteness would be attainable. This system could be used to supplement the functions of the yardarm receivers.

But even with the equipment first described navigation in confined waters, such as New York harbor, could be made substantially free of the hazards that now prevail when fog has obscured the path of traffic. Instead of groping slowly and uncertainly as now, craft could go along with greater speed and a full measure of security and ferryboats, picking up the bell or horn signals of their proper ships, could leave their docks and head directly for their landing places on the other side of the river or harbor and at the same time be ever alert to the movements of other vessels.



The problem of the echo. In cases A and B the echoes of the ship's ordinary whistle would be deflected away from the vessel and, accordingly, would not be heard. In C, however, with the yardarm of the detector placed parallel with the deflecting surface of the iceberg, the echo of the special siren would be brought right back to the megaphones and the location and the distance of the berg could be accurately measured although unseen.

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